

A Crossed Trail

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Pink Luscom rode out of the corral with slack rein and drooping head. Care sat upon his broad shoulders and diled the genial light in his gray eyes. Cummings, seated on the doorstep of the bunk house, hooted derisively at his mate.

"You look like you was goin' a-courtin', Pink," he grinned.

Luscom turned a scowling brow as he slapped the rawboned sorrel with a bronzed hand.

"Drop it!" he growled crustily.

The sorrel struck a long, swinging gait, and presently horse and rider disappeared beyond a rise of ground, only to reappear in gradually diminishing perspective until suddenly they vanished altogether.

"What's the matter with Pink?" asked Rozzy Jones in constrained tones from within the bunk house. "He looks like trouble has got him good and plenty."

Cummings clasped his hands about his knees and rocked to and fro in an ecstasy of delight.

"He's going to see the Widder Todd," he chuckled.

Jones rushed to the door with razor in one hand and a lank cheek lathered from brow to chin. "The Widder Todd!" he gasped. "Why, what's he goin' to see her for?"

"He don't know—she sent for him this mornin'," returned Cummings mirthfully. "I expect Pink overreached himself t'other night at the dance. Miss Hennie Porter, she wouldn't look at Pink all the evenin'. She was dancin' and flirtin' with a long cheeked, flap eared jackass, and poor Pink he set up to the Widder Todd and courted her most particular all the evenin' with one eye on Miss Hennie and you, and I reckon that he said some serious thing to the widder—kinder absent-like."

"Widder Todd wouldn't look at Pink Luscom!" snorted Jones irritably.

"Seems like she looked at him considerable t'other night and enjoyed it sufficient to send for him this mornin'," drawled Cummings.

Jones disappeared, and there was the sound of vigorous and renewed scraping of his leathern cheek. Doc Cum-

and presently Jones, attired as gorgeously as Pink Luscom had been a half hour ago, strode haughtily past the man on the doorstep and into the corral, where he proceeded to catch a mount. In a trice he came tearing through the gate on a fiery little black mare, his long legs dangling in close proximity to the burned grass.

He, too, shot a resentful scowl toward the jeering man on the doorstep, and then he disappeared over the rise of ground, his dark figure silhouetted against the copper glory of the evening sky.

"There's Widder Todd a-settin' great store by Rozzy and as mad as a wet hen at him. So she's makin' up to Pink, who's dippy about Miss Hennie. Miss Hennie, she's mad at Pink. I haven't been in the box for three weeks. You know I can play ball. I've got every outcurve, inshoot, upshoot and drop there is in the business. I've got everything that any other pitcher has. I can put on speed, and I can send 'em in slow. I can get 'em right over the plate every time I want to. Haven't I got as good control of the ball as any fellow you know of?"

"Yes, Bill," said the captain, "you have. When you get as good control of your temper as you have of the ball I'll use you, all right. Don't you be uneasy about that, Bill."

Bill went away deep in thought, and it was not very long after that conversation that he "got into the game" again.—Youth's Companion.

and take the cross trail to Porter's, where Miss Hennie awaited him and would appear to be disappointed, after all, when he did come.

There had been several calls such as this one was destined to be, and he frankly confessed to himself that Miss Hennie bored him. Now, the widow! Jones swore softly and dug a spurred heel into the little mare's flank. There was an onward rush, and he came upon the crossroads with a scatter of loose gravel and flying hoofs.

Seated on the back of a rawboned sorrel was Pink Luscom. His very attitude suggested indecision. The sorrel's head was turned toward the town, while Pink's gray eyes gazed wistfully up the cross trail which led to Porter's. His frown deepened as Jones drew his horse to a standstill and glared aggressively at him.

Jones broke the silence at last.

"Pears like you'd lost the trail!" he sneered, heading his beast up the cross trail.

Pink winced. A dark red settled down over his bronzed face.

"I reckon I can find it without any help from you," he drawled.

"I ain't seen you tryin' to do it!" cried Jones tantalizingly.

"Mebbe I don't want to. The trail to Seven Forks ain't a bad one."

"You don't seem in no hurry to take it!" snapped Jones.

Luscom's hand sought his hip. "I reckon you might as well have it out now," he said calmly.

"I'd be plum glad to oblige you!" Jones had whipped out a weapon and wheeled his horse about.

"I'd like to shake first, Rozzy," said Luscom gravely, holding out a big brown paw.

Jones grasped it eagerly. "We've been good friends up to now, Pink," he said regretfully, "and I'm sorry it's come to this, but when two fellers cross each other's trail, why—" He paused and looked past his rival toward the town.

Luscom was staring at him furiously, and then a strange light broke over his good looking face.

"I say, Rozzy, you ain't sore about the widder?"

"What do you think?" Jones stared defiantly at the other man. "Miss Hennie, she's all right. But she and me don't set no great store by each other. She says come, and the widder says go, so there ain't nothin' for a feller to do."

Luscom was lighting a cigarette with trembling fingers. "There's only one thing to do, Rozzy Jones," he said solemnly. "Just don't cross my trail, and I won't cross yours. The widder, she don't want to talk about nothin' but Rozzy, while Miss Hennie and I reckon if you'll just move aside I'll pike along up to Porter's."

Jones grinned happily as they passed one another, and just as each disappeared in a cloud of dust along his own particular trail two brown hands were waved in friendly farewell.

There was no response from within.

"I say, Rozzy, you ain't sore about the widder?"

ings chewed the stem of his pipe reflectively. Presently he craned a curious head toward the interior of the house. "See here, Romeo, if there's anything I can do to help you just you sing out. Shall I catch up a hoss for you?"

"Shut up!" retorted Jones in a strangled tone.

"Them there white winged collars is bad for the voice, Rozzy. You sound like you was chokin'. I reckon you'll wear that baby blue crisscross necktie you bought at Widder Todd's store. I hear that baby blue is Miss Hennie's fav'rite color!"

There was no response from within.

and presently Jones, attired as gorgeously as Pink Luscom had been a half hour ago, strode haughtily past the man on the doorstep and into the corral, where he proceeded to catch a mount. In a trice he came tearing through the gate on a fiery little black mare, his long legs dangling in close proximity to the burned grass.

He, too, shot a resentful scowl toward the jeering man on the doorstep, and then he disappeared over the rise of ground, his dark figure silhouetted against the copper glory of the evening sky.

"There's Widder Todd a-settin' great store by Rozzy and as mad as a wet hen at him. So she's makin' up to Pink, who's dippy about Miss Hennie. Miss Hennie, she's mad at Pink. I haven't been in the box for three weeks. You know I can play ball. I've got every outcurve, inshoot, upshoot and drop there is in the business. I've got everything that any other pitcher has. I can put on speed, and I can send 'em in slow. I can get 'em right over the plate every time I want to. Haven't I got as good control of the ball as any fellow you know of?"

"Yes, Bill," said the captain, "you have. When you get as good control of your temper as you have of the ball I'll use you, all right. Don't you be uneasy about that, Bill."

Bill went away deep in thought, and it was not very long after that conversation that he "got into the game" again.—Youth's Companion.

and take the cross trail to Porter's, where Miss Hennie awaited him and would appear to be disappointed, after all, when he did come.

There had been several calls such as this one was destined to be, and he frankly confessed to himself that Miss Hennie bored him. Now, the widow! Jones swore softly and dug a spurred heel into the little mare's flank. There was an onward rush, and he came upon the crossroads with a scatter of loose gravel and flying hoofs.

Seated on the back of a rawboned sorrel was Pink Luscom. His very attitude suggested indecision. The sorrel's head was turned toward the town, while Pink's gray eyes gazed wistfully up the cross trail which led to Porter's. His frown deepened as Jones drew his horse to a standstill and glared aggressively at him.

Jones broke the silence at last.

"Pears like you'd lost the trail!" he sneered, heading his beast up the cross trail.

Pink winced. A dark red settled down over his bronzed face.

"I reckon I can find it without any help from you," he drawled.

"I ain't seen you tryin' to do it!" cried Jones tantalizingly.

"Mebbe I don't want to. The trail to Seven Forks ain't a bad one."

"You don't seem in no hurry to take it!" snapped Jones.

Luscom's hand sought his hip. "I reckon you might as well have it out now," he said calmly.

"I'd be plum glad to oblige you!" Jones had whipped out a weapon and wheeled his horse about.

"I'd like to shake first, Rozzy," said Luscom gravely, holding out a big brown paw.

Jones grasped it eagerly. "We've been good friends up to now, Pink," he said regretfully, "and I'm sorry it's come to this, but when two fellers cross each other's trail, why—" He paused and looked past his rival toward the town.

Luscom was staring at him furiously, and then a strange light broke over his good looking face.

"I say, Rozzy, you ain't sore about the widder?"

"What do you think?" Jones stared defiantly at the other man. "Miss Hennie, she's all right. But she and me don't set no great store by each other. She says come, and the widder says go, so there ain't nothin' for a feller to do."

Luscom was lighting a cigarette with trembling fingers. "There's only one thing to do, Rozzy Jones," he said solemnly. "Just don't cross my trail, and I won't cross yours. The widder, she don't want to talk about nothin' but Rozzy, while Miss Hennie and I reckon if you'll just move aside I'll pike along up to Porter's."

Jones grinned happily as they passed one another, and just as each disappeared in a cloud of dust along his own particular trail two brown hands were waved in friendly farewell.

There was no response from within.

When he heard the news Dock Cummings waved a deprecating hand.

"What else could you expect from fellers that wore white wing collars and crisscross baby blue neckties?" he asked.

All He Lacked.

A pitcher belonging to a professional baseball club, who thought he was not getting his share of the limelight of publicity, went one day to the captain and manager to make his "kick." Being of a somewhat choleric disposition, which had got him into trouble more than once, he spoke with feeling.

"Cap," he said, "you're not giving me a square deal, and you know it."

"What's the matter, Bill?"

"You know what's the matter, cap. I haven't been in the box for three weeks. You know I can play ball. I've got every outcurve, inshoot, upshoot and drop there is in the business. I've got everything that any other pitcher has. I can put on speed, and I can send 'em in slow. I can get 'em right over the plate every time I want to. Haven't I got as good control of the ball as any fellow you know of?"

"Yes, Bill," said the captain, "you have. When you get as good control of your temper as you have of the ball I'll use you, all right. Don't you be uneasy about that, Bill."

Bill went away deep in thought, and it was not very long after that conversation that he "got into the game" again.—Youth's Companion.

and take the cross trail to Porter's, where Miss Hennie awaited him and would appear to be disappointed, after all, when he did come.

There had been several calls such as this one was destined to be, and he frankly confessed to himself that Miss Hennie bored him. Now, the widow! Jones swore softly and dug a spurred heel into the little mare's flank. There was an onward rush, and he came upon the crossroads with a scatter of loose gravel and flying hoofs.

Seated on the back of a rawboned sorrel was Pink Luscom. His very attitude suggested indecision. The sorrel's head was turned toward the town, while Pink's gray eyes gazed wistfully up the cross trail which led to Porter's. His frown deepened as Jones drew his horse to a standstill and glared aggressively at him.

Jones broke the silence at last.

"Pears like you'd lost the trail!" he sneered, heading his beast up the cross trail.

Pink winced. A dark red settled down over his bronzed face.

"I reckon I can find it without any help from you," he drawled.

"I ain't seen you tryin' to do it!" cried Jones tantalizingly.

"Mebbe I don't want to. The trail to Seven Forks ain't a bad one."

"You don't seem in no hurry to take it!" snapped Jones.

Luscom's hand sought his hip. "I reckon you might as well have it out now," he said calmly.

"I'd be plum glad to oblige you!" Jones had whipped out a weapon and wheeled his horse about.

"I'd like to shake first, Rozzy," said Luscom gravely, holding out a big brown paw.

Jones grasped it eagerly. "We've been good friends up to now, Pink," he said regretfully, "and I'm sorry it's come to this, but when two fellers cross each other's trail, why—" He paused and looked past his rival toward the town.

Luscom was staring at him furiously, and then a strange light broke over his good looking face.

"I say, Rozzy, you ain't sore about the widder?"

"What do you think?" Jones stared defiantly at the other man. "Miss Hennie, she's all right. But she and me don't set no great store by each other. She says come, and the widder says go, so there ain't nothin' for a feller to do."

Luscom was lighting a cigarette with trembling fingers. "There's only one thing to do, Rozzy Jones," he said solemnly. "Just don't cross my trail, and I won't cross yours. The widder, she don't want to talk about nothin' but Rozzy, while Miss Hennie and I reckon if you'll just move aside I'll pike along up to Porter's."

Jones grinned happily as they passed one another, and just as each disappeared in a cloud of dust along his own particular trail two brown hands were waved in friendly farewell.

There was no response from within.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

HELP WANTED
WANTED AT TROY LAUNDRY at once, man to work in wash room. 7-24-tf

\$2.00 STARTS A FINE LOCAL business, daily profits \$5 to \$10; particulars free; write today. B. F. Loos Co., Des Moines, Ia.

FOR SALE
FOR SALE—A 100-PIECE SET OF Haviland China, in perfect condition, cheap. Inquire at the McCrea-Ford studio. 7-15-tf

FIRST-CLASS DENSMORE TYPE- writer, at half price; also light driving team, buggy and harness; together or separately. C. E. Barney, with Warren Packing Co., Astoria.

MISCELLANEOUS
WANTED—TO BUY A HORSE; weight about 1250 pounds; not over 8 years old; must be good driver and gentle, also city broke. Address Astorian office. 6-9-tf

LOST AND FOUND
Light, gray sweater vest, on county road, Young's Bay bridge to Warren mills. Finder return to this office, and receive reward. 7-23-2t

FOR RENT
FOR RENT—SMALL HOUSE OF 4 rooms. Inquire of S. Smith, Holden House. 7-24-3t

FOR RENT—FURNISHED AND unfurnished housekeeping rooms. Enquire 454 Bond street. 7-24-3t

HOUSE MOVERS
FREDRICKSON BROS.—We make a specialty of house moving, carpenters, contractors, general jobbing; prompt attention to all orders. Corner Tenth and Duane streets.

MASSAGE
OLGA KANTONEN, FINNISH masseuse and steam baths, room 6, Pythian Bldg., Commercial St., Astorian, Ore.

MISCELLANEOUS
Smith's Special Delivery
EXPRESS AND BAGGAGE
Leave Orders at Star Cigar Store. Phone Black 2383
Res. Phone Red 2276
Stand Corner 11th and Commercial.

Plate Racks, Wall Pockets, Music Racks, Clock Shelves Just in—See us

Hildebrand & Gor
Old Bee Hive Bldg.

CONCRETE WORK DONE
ANY PERSON WANTING ANY CONCRETE WORK DONE AT THE CEMETARIES, WILL PLEASE LEAVE ORDERS AT POHL'S UNDERTAKING OFFICE.

E. NYMAN
Astoria, Ore.
P. O. Box 603.

The Star Drilling Machine Co.
is erecting a plant at PORTLAND, OREGON for the manufacture of their world famous PORTABLE WELL DRILLING MACHINES for water, oil, gas, etc., etc. A moderate amount of money will start you in a profitable business. STAR PORTABLE DRILLING MACHINES have been proved by Competitive Tests to be "The Best In The World." For full particulars regarding well drilling machines, tools, supplies, etc., write to THE STAR DRILLING MACHINE CO. PORTLAND, OREGON, or AKRON, OHIO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

CHARLES H. ABERCROMBIE
Attorney-at-Law
City Attorney Offices: City Hall

JOHN C. McCUE
Attorney-at-Law
Deputy District Attorney.
Page Building Suite 4.

HOWARD M. BROWNELL
Attorney-at-Law
Office with Mr. J. A. Eakin, at 420 Commercial St., Astoria.

OSTEOPATHS
DR. RHODA C. HICKS
Osteopath
Office Mansell Bldg. Phone Black 2065
573 Commercial St., Astoria, Ore.

DENTISTS
DR. VAUGHAN
Dentist
Pythian Building, Astoria, Oregon

DR. W. C. LOGAN
Dentist
Commercial St. Shanahan Bldg.

TEETH Without Plates.
CHICAGO DENTISTS
COR. 11TH AND COMMERCIAL.

Office hours—8:30 A. M. to 8: P. M. Sunday—10:00 to 12:00.
Phone Number Main 3901.

Painless Extractions - 50c
Corner Commercial and 11th Sts. over Danziger store.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY
RESTAURANTS
TOKIO RESTAURANT.
351 Bond Street.
Opposite Ross, Higgins & Co.
Coffee with Pie or Cake 10 Cts.
FIRST-CLASS MEALS
Regular Meals 15 Cts. and Up.

U. S. RESTAURANT.
434 Bond Street.
Coffee with Pie or Cake, 10 Cts.
First-Class Meals, 15 Cts.

FISH MARKET
Seattle Fish Market
77 Ninth St., near Bond
Fresh and Salted Fish.
Game and Poultry.
Groceries, Produce and Fruit
Imported and Domestic Goods.
P. Bakotitch & Feo, Proprs.
Phone Red 2183

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES
UNIVERSITY OF OREGON SUMMER SESSION
JUNE 22 TO JULY 31, 1908
Courses in Biology, Chemistry, Education, English Literature, German, French, Spanish, History, Mathematics, Physics. Full corps of instructors.
SPECIAL COURSES IN EACH DEPARTMENT FOR TEACHERS.
For catalogue address the REGISTRAR, UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, EUGENE, OREGON

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES
HOLMES BUSINESS COLLEGE
WASHINGTON AND TENTH STREETS
PORTLAND, OREGON
WRITE FOR CATALOG
The School that Places You in a Good Position

You want the best money can buy in food, clothing, home comforts, pleasures, etc., why not in education?
Behnke-Walker
Portland's Leading Business College offers such to you and at no greater cost than an inferior school. Owners practical teachers More Calls than we can fill Teachers actual business men In session the entire year Positions guaranteed graduates Catalogue "A" for the asking I. M. WALKER, Pres. O. A. BOSSERMAN, Secy.

UNDERTAKERS
J. A. GILBAUGH & CO.,
Undertakers and Embalmers.
Experienced Lady Assistant When Desired.



Calls Promptly Attended Day or Night.
Tatton Bldg. 12th and Duane Sts
ASTORIA, OREGON
Phone Main 2117

MEDICAL

Unprecedented Successes of
DR. C. GEE WO
THE GREAT CHINESE DOCTOR
Who is known throughout the United States on account of his wonderful cures.

No poisons or drugs used. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, lung and throat trouble, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver and kidney, female complaints and all chronic diseases.
SUCCESSFUL HOME TREATMENT.
If you cannot call write for symptom blank and circular, enclosing 4 cents in stamps.

THE C. GEE WO MEDICINE CO.
102 1/2 First St., Corner Morrison.
PORTLAND, OREGON.
Please mention the Astorian.

PLUMBERS
JNO. A. MONTGOMERY
PLUMBER
Heating Contractor, Tinner
—AND—
Sheet Iron Worker
ALL WORK GUARANTEED
425 Bond Street.

Younce & Baker
PLUMBERS
TINNERS
Steam and Gas Fitting
All Work Guaranteed. 126 Eighth Street, opp. Post Office. Phone Main 4061.

LAUNDRIES
WE WASH
Everything but the Baby and return everything but the dirt.

TROY LAUNDRY
Tenth and Duane
Phone Main 1991

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES
UNIVERSITY OF OREGON SUMMER SESSION
JUNE 22 TO JULY 31, 1908
Courses in Biology, Chemistry, Education, English Literature, German, French, Spanish, History, Mathematics, Physics. Full corps of instructors.
SPECIAL COURSES IN EACH DEPARTMENT FOR TEACHERS.
For catalogue address the REGISTRAR, UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, EUGENE, OREGON

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES
HOLMES BUSINESS COLLEGE
WASHINGTON AND TENTH STREETS
PORTLAND, OREGON
WRITE FOR CATALOG
The School that Places You in a Good Position

You want the best money can buy in food, clothing, home comforts, pleasures, etc., why not in education?
Behnke-Walker
Portland's Leading Business College offers such to you and at no greater cost than an inferior school. Owners practical teachers More Calls than we can fill Teachers actual business men In session the entire year Positions guaranteed graduates Catalogue "A" for the asking I. M. WALKER, Pres. O. A. BOSSERMAN, Secy.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES
HOLMES BUSINESS COLLEGE
WASHINGTON AND TENTH STREETS
PORTLAND, OREGON
WRITE FOR CATALOG
The School that Places You in a Good Position

You want the best money can buy in food, clothing, home comforts, pleasures, etc., why not in education?
Behnke-Walker
Portland's Leading Business College offers such to you and at no greater cost than an inferior school. Owners practical teachers More Calls than we can fill Teachers actual business men In session the entire year Positions guaranteed graduates Catalogue "A" for the asking I. M. WALKER, Pres. O. A. BOSSERMAN, Secy.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES
HOLMES BUSINESS COLLEGE
WASHINGTON AND TENTH STREETS
PORTLAND, OREGON
WRITE FOR CATALOG
The School that Places You in a Good Position

You want the best money can buy in food, clothing, home comforts, pleasures, etc., why not in education?
Behnke-Walker
Portland's Leading Business College offers such to you and at no greater cost than an inferior school. Owners practical teachers More Calls than we can fill Teachers actual business men In session the entire year Positions guaranteed graduates Catalogue "A" for the asking I. M. WALKER, Pres. O. A. BOSSERMAN, Secy.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES
HOLMES BUSINESS COLLEGE
WASHINGTON AND TENTH STREETS
PORTLAND, OREGON
WRITE FOR CATALOG
The School that Places You in a Good Position



"I SAY, ROZZY, YOU AIN'T SORE ABOUT THE WIDDER?"

ings chewed the stem of his pipe reflectively. Presently he craned a curious head toward the interior of the house. "See here, Romeo, if there's anything I can do to help you just you sing out. Shall I catch up a hoss for you?"

"Shut up!" retorted Jones in a strangled tone.

"Them there white winged collars is bad for the voice, Rozzy. You sound like you was chokin'. I reckon you'll wear that baby blue crisscross necktie you bought at Widder Todd's store. I hear that baby blue is Miss Hennie's fav'rite color!"

There was no response from within.

SIREN DEVELOP THE BUST

SHE'S A QUEEN SHE'S A SIREN
is an expression that is always heard at sight of a well developed woman. If you are flat chested, with BUST undeveloped, a scrawny neck, thin, lean arms—the above remark will never be applied to you. "SIREN" wafers will make you beautiful, bewitching. They DEVELOP THE BUST in a few weeks from 3 to 6 inches and produce a fine firm, voluptuous bosom. They fill out the hollow places. Make the arms handsome and well modeled and the neck and shoulders shapely and of perfect contour.

Send for a bottle today and you'll be pleased and grateful. "SIREN" wafers are absolutely harmless, pleasant to take and convenient to carry around. They are sold under guarantee to do all claim or MONEY back.

Price \$1.00 per bottle. Inquire at good drug stores or send DIRECT to us.

FREE During the next 30 days only—we will send you a sample bottle of these beautifying wafers on receipt of 10 cents to pay cost of packing and postage if you will mention that you saw the Advertisement in this paper. The sample alone may be sufficient if defects are trivial.

Desk 22 ESTHETIC CHEMICAL CO., 31 West 125th St. New York.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE
J. F. NOW